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POETRY.

THE AD,

A POEM IN TEN BOOKS. BY J. LOWBARD.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

THE influence of credulity upon the mind—Credulity of the Laplanders—Sorcerers—Monks—Christian religion—The use of credulity in government—The British nation—The French Nation—Tragedies—Ladies' weeping—Theatres in general—Arrival of Cooke at New York—Brief history of the stage from the time of Thespis to Kemble—Dutch theatre—Mount Vesuvius—Upland cotton—Johnson's Dictionary—Bohea tea.

MR. LOWBARD's design in the AD seems, from consulting the arguments on many of the books, to be, to give us a complete system of ethicks. He touches somewhere or other on every subject, which can interest us in any relation, whether we be rulers or subjects, fools or knaves, poets or sober, rich or poor. The fifth book dwells on the bias, which is given to the moral sense as well as the faculties of the mind, by Credulity. After some general observations on its powerful influence, the authority of the half

Christian and half pagan missionaries over the simple Laplander, is placed in a ludicrous light. The following lines are from the description of the Laplander :

> With goggling gaze he trudges him along,
> Screams the shrill screech, or whines the woful song.
> From his left leg, his clattering drum depends,
> Which yields a yell that every ear-drum rends.
> To the rude hut he wends his weary way,
> Where pagan gods and druid idols sway.
> There the proud priest, from Norway sent, proclaims
> Hard sounding rules, and harder sounding names :
> Tells him of heaven, beyond the southeast hills,
> Tells him of hell, beneath the ocean's rills.
> " There lives," cries he, " the dragon, who consumes,
> " And there are burning streams, and stifling fumes ;
> " Fierce imps, with horrid tools, the wretches throw ;
> " Pain all their business, all their pleasure woe."
> The frighted fool erects his wooly hair,
> Opes his wide mouth, and glares a stupid stare ;
> Swallows each frantick tale, with greedy maw,
> And boasts the barest bombast for his law.

Having thus ridiculed the crude notions of the Lapland pagans, and proceeded to the credulity of the monks, Mr. Lowbard enters his general protest against the Christian religion. For, says he,

> Here frantick zealots, in their fiercest hours,
> Find subjects still, that still exhaust their powers.
> Here Superstition meets congenial rules,
> And sends her votaries here, like boys to schools.

The credulity of the people is next exhibited, as the grand machine of government. The great use, that is made of it by the British minister, passes under a very satirical notice. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is thus introduced :

> With boy-like budget, see him slow proceed—
> This crafty caterer for the sovereign's need.

Bills upon bills and excise on excise,
Confound the stupid and distract the wise.
Taxes on tax the nations head depress,
Not win her battles nor her wrongs redress.
But buy the beef, that fires his ruddy cheeks,
Glows in his gills, and in his eye-balls speaks.
The cringing crowd his dropping words receive,
Each falsehood credit, and each tale believe.
With silly hand, the generous purse untie,
To pay the tribute they would fain deny.
Poor land of tyrants, wretched den of slaves!
Slink to the dust, ye fools, and find your graves;
Nor raise your little arms to meet the rage
Of the great hero of this greatest age.

The poet proceeds to contrast the state of France with that of England. The following lines from the account of French taxation evince the goodness of his heart.

The trifling tax is laid—and all prepare
This dear *juvamen* of the frequent war.
His trusty trunks the merchant opes, and pours
His treasures scraped and heaped from farthest shores.
The lawyer bids his luckless client pay
A doubled fee, to meet collection day.
The "dawdling doctors" puke, or tap, or bleed,
Blister the back, or shave the indignant head,
Pull the sound tooth, the healthy joint unloose,
Bloat to a tun, or to a rake reduce:
Box upon box upon his table piled
With harmless brickdust, meal, or ashes filled,
Frights the poor sick one, when in sad surprize,
He draws the lids that close his glaring eyes.
Ill fated man, thy time has not yet come,
Still art thou master of a cheerless home.
The big big bill thy scanty purse exceeds,
And where's the helper, when the poor man needs?
The unfeeling doctor for his money calls,
Clears every room, and strips the ill-furnished walls.
The poor weak patient sees his ruin near,
His wife and children pour the unheeded tear.

His tender hand, from sickness soft and white,
Must work from dawning day, to darkening night.
His wife's light frame the ponderous loom must rack,
Must fly the shuttle, or the loaf will lack,
His little boys and girls the streets must roam,
And bring despair, not treasured bounties home.
Doctor! thy money take, thy tax defray,
That thy proud master may his troops array.
Go, tyrant! bind the laurel to thy brow,
Watered by infant tears, its flowers will blow.
Thy pompous throne with pearls and diamonds deck,
And build its basis on the poor man's neck.
But yet remember how unsure and vain
The props and pillows, which thy power sustain. &c.

Thus proceeds the poet, gaining new fervour with every line. *Vires acquirit eundo.* We intended to have extracted all that relates to the French goverment, but we find, that when Mr. Lowbard has mounted his hobby-horse, the hope of keeping up with him is chimerical, and must be disappointed.

Scenick representations, and tragedies in particular, are dwelt upon as exemplifying the deceptions, which the human mind suffers to be imposed on itself. We hope that our fair sisters will regard the following lines, as the admonition of a man well qualified to advise them :

Come, muse, thy rhyming dictionary bring!
The fair employ our song—their tears we sing.
Canst thou, O muse, with necromantick art,
The mystick secrets of the fan impart?
When its concealing shroud obscures their eyes,
Whether they weep or not, canst thou devise?
True they may press its sticks against ther cheeks,
When Hamlet raves, or poor Ophelia speaks.
Or if a tear should flow, it may not prove,
That the heart's pulses with the eyelids move.
Thy prying power perhaps might give the lie
To that consummate hypocrite, the eye.

Or, lovely ladies, if ye truly feel
Those modest tear-drops, which your fans conceal.
O do not cherish the delusive art,
Strive to benumb the feslings of your heart.
For sensibility is but a curse,
Believe me, fair ones, than all others worse.

Of theatres in general the poet has much to say. From the 348 to the 492 line is devoted to this subject. He dwells at length on their political and moral effects, and pronounces them an invaluable school of virtue. He records the arrival of Cooke at Newyork as a most happy event for the American stage. The following lines are extracted from Cooke's character.

See on his table, placed in order round,
Bottles, and Shakspeare, and cigarrs are found.
Alternate drams, and plays, and puffs consume
His time in drinking, ranting, and in fume.

The theatre at Amsterdam awakes the genius of Mr. Lowbard. The following passage is one of the sublimest the book affords.

Roused by the bell the curtain mounts on high,
Like vultures soaring through Calabria's sky.
The scenes appear in various forms and hues,—
Bright yellows, pea-greens, and cerulean blues.
Wind-mills, and dikes, mud-houses, and stone-walls,
Rivers, and lakes, with freshets, and with falls.
He comes, the Actor, from the virid room;
His chunky form exhales a rich perfume.
From his long pipe the volumed smoke ascends,
Curls through the stage, and round his temples bends.
Listen! he speaks—his shark-like jaws expand,
Shakes his dull head, and swings his bouncing hand.
The ringing nasal twangs upon the ear,
And grumbling gutturals fill the soul with fear. &c.

While descanting upon credulity, as he thus travels through the Netherlands, Mr. Lowbard, before he returns

to America, notices the wonderful credulity of the Sicilians and Neapolitans ; particularly the ridiculous superstition of the lower orders of them, that the eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius are the belchings of giants entombed in their craters. Having thus approached the volcanoes, the poet enkindles by their heat, and bursts out as follows :

Volumes of smoke and showers of sparks aspire,
And edge the loftiest clouds with streaks of fire.
The molten lava pours its fatal tide,
In whelming torrents, down the mountain's side.
Man flies aghast, nor turns a backward look,
To mark the progress of the infernal brook.
Platina, gold, and silver, iron, tin,
Copper, and lead, and zinc, are molten in.
Quartz, schistus, serpentine, and garnet flow
In scorching torrent, wasting as they go.

Returning from continental examples, Mr. Lowbard stops at England, to ridicule Johnson's Dictionary, and expose the credulity of those, who receive it as a standard of definition and orthography.

Soon thou, Old Saxon ! to thy grief, thou'lt find
Thy bigot chains no Yankee genius bind.
Webster for us unfolds his learned store,
And U and K has banished from our shore.
His clipping columns will no longer show
T, h, o, u, g, h, but t, h, o.
His words no more false finals shall display,
" Music," and so forth, quit their cumbrous K.

Thus returned to America, by means of his friend Noah, Mr. Lowbard closes the fifth book by laughing at those, who buy bohea tea as the leaves of the tea plant.

Imperial, gunpowder, and hyson first,
And then souchong, of teas the last and worst
The plant produces. But the needy men
Break up the roots and stalks, their private gain ;
And, mixt with John's-wort, catnip, or dry grass,
Box them all up, and so they safely pass.

SONG. *Tune* "FLY NOT YET."

The following little song, adapted to a popular tune, has little perhaps to attract notice or praise. 'Dulce est desipere in loco,' and this we offer as our justification for all those unbendings from classical gravity, which may seem inconsistent with our character. *Ed. Lyc.*

ONCE again thy lover prays,
That thou those gentle notes wouldst raise,
Which seem, as from thy harp they rise,
Like sounds seraphick from the skies
When angels wake the string.
'Twas but for them and thee, my love,
Harmonious sounds were made to move.
For them and thee melodious measure
Pours its soul-subduing treasure.
Once more, once more,
Notes, like thine, I ne'er again
Shall hear, dear Maid, and oh 'tis pain
To find them cease to ring.

Once again! The lyre that hung
O'er Memnon's tomb, forever rung,
When, fled the dusky glooms of night,
The morning beamed its ruddy light,
And flashed upon the lyre.
And thus since doubt's dark cloud has fled,
And hope beams brightly in its stead,
Oh, while our hearts its flame confessing,
Own the pleasing painful blessing,
Once more, once more,
Strike the notes that lull to rest
The anxious passions of the breast,
And quench their raging fire.

MARY.

Though rob'd in beauty's rich array
All nature owns sweet summer's sway,
Still there's a void—since thou'rt away,
My Mary.

A thousand beauties to the eye
Though nature's bounteous works supply,
Yet still, ah vain ! for thee I sigh,
My Mary.

In vain, grown frantick with despair,
I from my breast Love's arrow tear ;
Still, still, the poison rankles there,
My Mary.

But see ! the eastern skies are bright,
Where flames the glorious King of light,
And chases far the dews of night,
My Mary.

Now, when Aurora opes the dawn,
With footsteps slow I tread the lawn,
And think on thee, thine absence mourn,
My Mary.

Again, when high above our head,
The starry veil of night is spread,
For thee the silent tear is shed,
Dear Mary.

The beauties of that heavenly face,
That blooms with every witching grace,
Time from my breast shall ne'er efface,
My Mary.

Though fate should summon me away,
Far, far, from love and thee to stray ;
Yet, sweetest maid, my heart should stay
With Mary.

Assisted by fond memory,
Thine angel form I still should see ;
Still my rapt soul would dwell on thee,
Sweet Mary.

May heaven, whose choicest care is spread
Around the guiltless, virtuous head,
Its richest blessings ever shed
On Mary.

ON THE COMPARATIVE REFINEMENT OF THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

ILLUSTRIOUS actions frequently bear with them so powerful a charm, as to withdraw our attention from the motives that led to their performance, as well as the effects they were calculated to produce. A similar result follows an extravagant fondness for antiquity. Some are so strongly attached to whatever bears the stamp of age, as to contend for the superiority of the unrefined and illiterate barbarian of the age of Homer over the most enlightened and polished inhabitant of the present age. They are so enthusiastick as to believe that men once enjoyed the blessings and delights of Saturn's golden reign. The precepts of Homer and Virgil are thought more worthy of reverence, than the dictates of reason and the truths of revelation; and all the absurdities of pagan theology are looked upon with awe and veneration.

Were these prejudices confined to works of taste and art, they might perhaps be justifiable. For it must be conceded, that many among the ancients exhibited models of excellence in the fine arts, which have never been surpassed in any succeeding age. But when they claim for the ancients that perfection, which is unattainable by man, and even maintain their superiority over the moderns in the excellence of their institutions and prevailing manners, they merit no excuse. It is certainly a mark of gross ignorance, or of inexcusable obstinacy, to declaim against modern degeneracy. New vices may indeed follow in the train of civilization and refinement; but who would forego the pleasures of a delicate sensibility, to escape the inconveniences to which it may sometimes expose us? Who would prefer the dull uniformity of existence without temptation and

without desert, to a state diversified with pleasure and pain; where happiness derives new vigour from contrast, and new sources of enjoyment daily open to our view?

If an insensibility to intellectual and moral beauty be promotive of actual happiness, it might be contended with reason, that the Spartan under the regulations of Lycurgus, and the American savage, enjoyed happiness in a more eminent degree, than the most favoured subject of modern refinement. But so pernicious a doctrine needs no other confutation, than its absurdity.

In recurring to the celebrated periods of ancient times as described by contemporary poets and historians, our attention is usually confined to a few distinguished personages, whose excellencies are deemed the prevailing characteristicks of those times. We forget, that at those very periods the populace were as ignorant and brutal as savages, and far more vicious than civilized nations:—that those individuals, who had thus acquired eminence by their military skill and publick services, were harassed and persecuted by relentless factions; some banished, others condemned to death, and all treated with various circumstances of the most shameless ingratitude. We shall hardly be willing to call that state happy, where the virtuous few fall victims to popular licentiousness; and where of the inferiour grades, more than nine tenths are doomed to miserable servitude. Yet such was the state of society in the most refined periods of antiquity. In Athens, at the time when genius was unrivalled in the works of art, and when her orators were declaiming against usurpation and tyranny abroad, domestick slavery was maintained over thousands of her inhabitants.

Here too they boasted of their security and personal independence. But little can we envy that security, which depends on the caprice of an ignorant and licentious populace; or wish for that liberty, which upon groundless

suspicion of an invasion of their liberties, or jealousy of honourable ambition and aspiring talents, would authorize the infliction of the most barbarous cruelties, even upon their greatest benefactors.

Nor were the votaries of learning and refinement less exposed to insult and punishment. Anaxagoras was driven into exile; while his amiable disciple, after long enduring the scoffs and insults of hardened ingratitude, suffered an ignominious death in a loathsome prison.

If in the polished city of Athens such disorders prevailed, what are we to expect from her ignorant and barbarous neighbours? Evils more numerous, and more aggravated, attract our notice. If in the former, popular licentiousness destroys the vigour of patriotism; in the latter, the scorching influence of despotism exhales its very nourishment. In the one it is only exposed to accidents from unskilful culture; in the other it is totally uncultivated, and even the wild growth of nature is never known to arrive to maturity. It cannot be that the subject of a despotism should be influenced by genuine feelings of patriotism. Selfishness and servility root out the very idea of national pride, and the news of a defeat excites equal emotions in their minds with the tidings of victory. Ignorance also is the inseparable companion of despotism. Where every thing is conducted by the will of a tyrant, who finds his security increased in proportion to the ignorance of his subjects, he is encouraged both by passion and interest to trample under foot their welfare. Science is never suffered to dispel the clouds of ignorance and barbarism, and all the fine feelings of sensibility, known only in a state of refinement, are lost in stupidity and wretchedness.

Some nations indeed at the present day groan under the hand of lawless power, the consciousness of whose misery renders it more intolerable, than even the despotism of an-

tiquity. But the perception of pain is a symptom of recovery; and for this reason, though under the pressure of calamity, "they labour not without hope." The distant prospect of freedom affords them some consolation, and they are only waiting a favourable opportunity for recovering their independence and unalienable rights.

But, a very small proportion of individual happiness is derived immediately from particular forms of government. The enjoyments of private life are generally independent of public institutions, and the bitter cup of despotism itself, may be rendered sweet and palatable by the spirit of modern refinement. It is this, which constitutes the great mark of distinction between the ancients and moderns. True politeness may with peculiar propriety be styled "the very "spice of life, that gives it all its flavour." It diffuses a cheerfulness over the intercourse of a domestick circle, ameliorates the pangs of disappointment, and adds a thousand charms to private friendships. We do not mean to eulogize that affectation and silly vanity, which are concerned only in graceful motions of the body, and which often usurp the name of politeness; but that habitual decorum in manners and conversation, which results from a sense of propriety, and a conviction of its happy tendency.

In a state of nature man is selfish and haughty; the enjoyments of society are but little known, and sensual gratification is almost the only incentive to action. Hence arises the necessity of artificial rules, to remedy in some measure the defects of nature, to subject our passions to some restraint, and to preserve at least an appearance of virtue, where it is impossible to eradicate vice. This constitutes the foundation of true politeness.

Let us then inquire what were the pretensions of the ancients to the possession of this grand panacea. Were they indeed distinguished for delicacy of sentiment and ur-

banity of manners? When the grossest obscenity is admitted into their most admired authors, when too, puerile scurrility is considered as the test of mental superiority, our ideas of politeness must be strangely perverted, if we can suppose it even to have been known in those celebrated periods of antiquity. What refinement, indeed, could we expect from the inhabitants of Lacedemon under the regulations of Lycurgus? The charms of conversation were there unknown, the female character was degraded into publick servitude, and the whole sex was considered merely as a necessary instrument for continuing the human species. All that delicacy of sentiment, and engaging softness of temper, the charms of beauty and elegance of mind, which combine in the female sex to improve and polish the manners of the moderns, were there supplied by a ferocity of temper, which knew no pity, and which suffered them to expose without remorse their weak and defenceless infants.

But what were the pretensions of the Athenians to this character? Here, to the disgrace of humanity, the greatest statesmen and orators resorted to the company of courtezans to learn politeness. Even Socrates is related to have been seduced by the arts of Aspasia, and when wearied with domestick broils, to have resorted to her house to learn wisdom and politeness.

While the virtuous and modest women of Athens were kept in seclusion, and were deprived of all share of influence in society and participation of the enjoyments of life, courtezans, with all the arts of seduction, were permitted to enjoy far superiour privileges, and even to have an influence in their most important deliberations. Thus while the virtuous of the sex were slaves, the vicious enjoyed an almost unrestrained liberty.

Such continued the degraded state of the female charac-

ter, till the golden age of chivalry restored them to their merited rank; from which time, they have continued to polish and improve society, and have discovered sources of happiness unknown in any former age.

A DISSERTATION ON LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MATRIMONY.

AS nothing is more interesting to the younger part of both sexes, than the subjects of the present dissertation, we venture to anticipate for it an unusual share of their attention. By the charms of literature all are not delighted; to the depths of science all cannot descend. Argument is too sober for the vivacious, and fancy displeases the grave. But every body falls in love, every body goes a courting, and a large majority of people get married. To enumerate some of the symptoms of love, some of the arts of courtship, and some of the troubles of matrimony, shall be our present attempt; and if, by the assistance of our remarks, one person shall find himself in love, when he thought he was going crazy; one person shall gain the affections of a mistress, whom he had despaired to interest; or one person shall support, with greater ease, the yoke matrimony; we shall be well rewarded for the pains of our researches and the trouble of publishing them.

The first notorious symptom of love, is a most consumptive *Misopapyria*.* The patient finds it impossible to withhold himself from scribbling and scrawling over sheet upon sheet, and quire upon quire, of writing paper. These scrawls are of various kinds, shapes, and significations, according to the degree, to which the patient is attacked, and the stage of the disease. At first, the paper will be adorn-

* From Μίσεω—*I hate*, and Παπύρος—*paper*.

ed with the initials of the Dear one in question. *Oh*s and *Ah*s, *Death*s, *Hope*s, *Fear*s, *Flame*s, *Never*s, &c. next appear. As the disease advances, the letters of the Lady's name begin to arrange themselves in a perpendicular line, under each other, and we soon behold the rudiments of the incipient Acrostick. Succeeding days witness the gradual developement of this embryo, and it is not long before the Acrostick is completed, and one sheet of paper by its eternal emendations, together with other scrawls, has fallen a victim to the gnawing canker of the disease. Sometimes the malady will discover itself by more hieroglyphical manifestations. Seraphs, and angels, flying over the paper, cupids, bows and arrows, death's head and marrow-bones, obtenebrate the purity of the sheet. If a scholar labour under the affection, you will see that his scrawlings are of a more classical nature. His paper will be covered with *Amor*s, *Pereo*s, *Pulcherrima*s, *O lux vita*s, or perhaps with Γλαυκώπιδες, Ἀφροδίτης, &c. Nay, it is said that J. C. Scaliger, wrote a Hebrew distich to his mistress'es shoe-latchet.

Courage is another symptom of love. The most mouse-hearted and pusillanimous acquire a degree of confidence, the well-collected grow forward, and the bold become impudent, to every one but the bright star that enkindles all this assurance.

> " But if he be the favourite of the fair,
> " Loved by the first of Caledonia's maids,
> " He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
> " Chafed on his hunter," &c.
>
> DOUGLAS.

We must mention the immortal instance of love-inspired courage, that now occurs to the mind. We must commemorate thee, Leander! Brave man! The stormy sea presented no obstacle to thy meeting with Hero. Over thy coral grave the Mermaids still love to weep, and not a fish swims by it, but pauses to pour forth at its stone the simple offer-

ing of a tear. "Τὸν πέρι ἴχθυες ἐφίλησ'."* We cannot at present enlarge upon the symptoms of love. They are numerous and unequivocal. Though the disease has a great similarity, in its effects upon the mind, to Insanity or Idiocy, yet its characterick are unambiguous and distinctive. Like the drunken man, who, though he reels as if smitten by the palsy, is yet only intoxicated, the lover may conduct like a madman, but is yet only in love.

Κρύψαι
Ἅπαντα τἄλλα τις δύναιτ' ἄν, πλὴν δυοῖν,
Οἴνου τε πίνων, εἰς ἔρωτά τ' ἐμπεσών·
Ἀμφότερα μηνύει γὰρ ἀπὸ τῶν βλεμμάτων,
Καὶ τῶν λόγων αὖ· ὥστε τοὺς ἀρνουμένους
Μάλιστα ταῦτα καταφανεῖς πολλοὺς ποιεῖν.†

ANTIPH.

Supposing the patient to have been long enough afflicted, to have amassed a sufficient quantity of sonnets, acrosticks, odes, &c. to commence business, the ice of courtship begins to crack. An occasional compliment whispered in the ear, some little volume, with one of the said sonnets or odes on its waste-leaf presented, two or three morning calls, and a glove or cane left accidentally behind each time, are ominous indications. If no untoward manifestations of displeasure, on the part of the dear one, repulse these advances, bolder steps may be taken. The hand may be almost monopolized at a cotillon-party, her Christian name may displace the distancing ceremony of *Miss Such-a-one*, and in

* The fishes loved him dearly.

† "Every thing may men conceal
"Of what they think or what they feel,
"But these—which looks and words will prove—
"That wine's in them, that they're in love.
"And these, the more that they disown 'em,
"The more we judge them to have known 'em."

the heat of narration, or expostulation, *My dear* may perhaps escape. Should all these forerunners be civilly received, the patient may venture to GO A COURTING. In all the interviews, which chance or conspiracy may effect, nothing more definite can be recommended, than the most unhesitating resignation to the will of the fair divinity, the most flattering adoration of her perfections, and the most vulture-eyed anticipation of her wishes. Presents of some value, and of symbolical import, books whose leaves are edged with blue, fans with Hopes and Anchors on them, may be graciously received. This diet and regimen must last according to the disposition of the parties, the intimacy of their previous acquaintance, and other specifick circumstances. When the patient finds that his approaches have been connived at, his expressions of friendship kindly interpreted, his gifts accepted, and his company not avoided, when he has all human probabilities on his side; arrayed in his newest suit, in his widest ruffled linen, all in nicest plaits, his neckerchief tied in a rose-knot, his hair frizzled and perfumed, his boots nicely blacked and duly wrinkled, his deep blue coat buttoned by two buttons, and a pair of new Limerick gloves on his hands, he may approach the house. If the weather be very cold, or there be many passengers in the street, it will not be best to stop on the threshold to pray to Venus and Cupid. Once seated within he must take out his white handkerchief, and tell the state of the weather, how it has been for a week past, and how it is likely to be for a week to come; and in general must retail all of the almanack he has about him. Thus the evening* must pass away for some time, when having gone the rounds of the Lady of the Lake, Miss Aikin's Epistles, and the Borough, the awful question may be POPPED. What must follow the question and answer depends on the character of the per-

* This rule applies to this date.—Dec. 1.

sons; it may just be observed, that for the gentleman at least to faint away, will look like affectation and be inconvenient.

We will now suppose the couple to be married: And having thus brought them to the bottomless gulf of toils and troubles, I bid them farewell, and defer plunging in with them, till a future occasion, leaving to them the distich of an old moralist:

Γυναικὸς ἀδὲν χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λήΐζεται
Εσθλῆς ἄμεινον, ἀδὲ ῥιγιον κακῆς.*

We can say nothing more complimentary of the following odes than that they are worthy the occasion that called them forth; and that if our feelings of joy as students on the happy event they celebrate are as fervent as these productions are classical, we at least may claim the praise of rightly appreciating our blessings.

POEMA

IN REV. J. T. KIRKLANDI, MUN: PRÆS: COLL: HAR. INDUCTIONEM.

EXPECTATA diu, tandem lux aurea risit.
Hæc Paries, flebili nuper vestita cupresso,
Nunc splendore nitet, nunc plausu personat alto:
Omnibus in vultu studium lucescit amœno
Omnibus in placido lætitia ridet ocello.
Alma Parens, vestes lugubres de corpore ponens
Sic loquitur, lauro viridanti tempora cingens.
Cedite jam lacrymæ! Spes læta in pectore fervet!
Omnia jam crescent: florere videbimus artes,
Doctrinæque seges molli flavescit aristâ.
Teius híc fidibus mellitis, carmina ludet
Clarisonasque Dêum pugnas resonabit Homerus:
Pindarus híc palmâ nobiles canit ore rotundo,
Carmine divino rabidus bacchabitur Atys,
Virgiliique ruit summo de culmine Troja.

* "Than a good wife no blessing so great,
"A bad one is the direst curse of fate."

Pennas jam celeres induta Scientia cœli
Stelligeras arces lapsu perlabitur alto.
Ut violam Zephyrus mulcet genialibus auris,
Ingenii germen mulcebit debita fama,
Olim qui patriam blando complebit odore.
Camus adhuc tacité pascens in margine flores
Laurigerum dulci resonabit carmine vatum.
Sancta Dei cultrix, morumque verenda magistra
Sede hâc Religio puro lucebit amictu.
Musas ecce! ipsas pedes huc flectere cerno,
Splendentes roseo variatas lumine vestes;
Ex oculis, flammæ rutilantia spicula vibrant,
Labris de roseis spirat fragrantia læta.
Tollite Pierides, concentum tollite Nymphæ,
Clamores resonent; "noster jam regnat Apollo!"

CARMEN GRÆCUM.

Οισως χελυας θεντο νευστατωσαι,
Παρνιδας δ' επι βλασαν καλυπτραις,
Οκκα, πενθεϊ Μωσαις
Τακωσαις, βαρει' αγγελια ηνθε,
Βιλλαρδω ἁλιον δεδδυκεναι,
Παστ εν ποθῳ οντι.
Αλλος τηλυγετος μεν αυτιχ' 'υιευς
Κυσε μιν δακρυα οσσοιν, μελεσιν
Κᾶυθις ταρφθεν τ' αωδαις.
"Νεον νυν δ' ετι τωϋθ' 'αμιν αλγος;
"Ηδε και αυθις οϊζυν μορον
"Υπερ ωπασαν θειοι;"
Ουτως δακρυσιν οιμοδοντι· ηδε
Σπᾶσαι εθαρας, κῆτιωσαι
Θεους ωδικιας μεν,
Χαμαι μη παρακλατοι ηαται κεν.
Πως δ' αρα τῶυτο; ωστ' ορχηστυι
Ηκειν ηδε αωδαις;
Σφισιν ευφροσυνησι φρενες αγλα-
ισσ' ηδε γεγαθυιαις τε

Μειδωσαις ιανοντο.
Μωσαις γαρ τριποδατος εισεληλυθ᾽,
Ασφι μεν, πασι δε αλλοις, υιεῦς
Πηφιλαμενος περι.
Ετι, τον χορον εισοχνευντες, αμμες
Πληξωμεν χθονα ποσσι τε ᾽σωμεν
"Αδυ χαιρε ᾽μιν κῦδος."

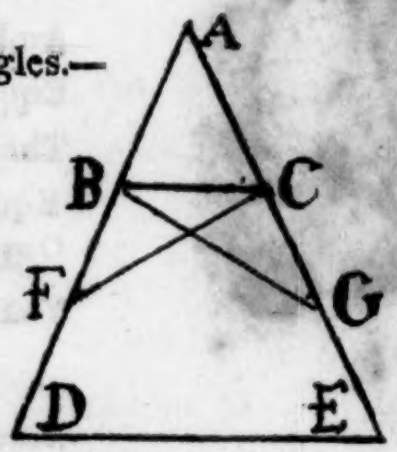
LIMON.

".....Pratensibus optima.....
" Natura est." HOR.

THE following is the letter which a student at college sent to his correspondent, who had begged that he would write to him occasionally in poetry; but generally upon scientifick subjects. Whether he failed in his attempt to unite poetry and geometry, our readers must judge.

EUCLID. BOOK I. PROP. IV.

In Euclid—Book the first, you'll see
This—" Theor. Proposition V.—"
This is the theorem which I
With faithful pen will versify.
Although my verse the nice phrase mangles.—
In all Isosceles triangles,
The angles stationed at the place,
Which commonly is called the base
Are equal. Yes—and if you drew
The equal sides, the angles too
On t'other side the base would clearly
Be equal, or the book's a mere lie.
Now to proceed—let ABC
An Isosceles triangle be.
And grant me too the side AB
Is equal to the side AC.



And let the lines AB, AC
Be drawn direct to D and E:
I'll show the angle ABC
Equals the angle ACB.
I too will prove that CBD
Is equal unto CBE.
Now in BD the point F take,
And AC equal AF make.
And now to F connect your C:
And likewise join to G the B.—
Since AF's equal to AG,
And AB equal to AC.
The two sides FA and AC
Are equal to GA, AB.
Th' angle FAG (by my troth)
Is common to the figures both
AFC and to AGB:
And therefore 'tis, you plainly see,
That GB base and FC base
Equal each other, face to face:
And the whole triangle AFC
Equals the whole one AGB.
And now I do proceed to teach
That th' other angles, each to each,
Are equal all:—thus ACF
Equals ABG: (are you deaf?)—
And likewise angle AFC
Is equal angle AGB.
And since the side FA, when whole,
Equals side GA, cheek by jowl;
The *part* BF must therefore be
Equal to t' other *part* CG:—
But a'n't you tired? —if you a'n't,
You've got the patience of a saint.

Yours affectionately, $a+b$.

HOLLINGSHED.

The grand deficiency in historians of former ages is their neglect to describe the manners, mode of life, and state of refinement, which distinguish their own æra. They seem to forget, that hostile armies and ambitious princes conduct nearly in the same manner in every age; while the habits of private life, and the instruments of warfare, with the other productions of art, which are constantly changing, mark the line of distinction between different ages. They crowd their narratives with stories of intrigues, sieges, and battles, while they leave us ignorant of the character and condition of the actors in their scenes. We know, indeed, that "they were men of like passions as we are;" but this amounts to very little. A battle fought between two savage tribes of America, or between the civilized nations of Europe, would appear very similar in the narratives of such historians; for we should be told in either case, that they fought furiously, many were killed, some taken prisoners, one side conquered, while the other submitted. But every one must be convinced, that wars are conducted in a very different manner between civilized nations, from what they are among savages, and a correct account of a battle in Europe, would give us no conception of a contest between American tribes. Now, considering the chronological distance, we can have no doubt, that a battle under Rollo, first duke of Normandy, and under Edward III, must have presented very different phenomena; yet they appear nearly the same in history.

There are some exceptions to this censure of ancient historians, amongst whom Hollingshed appears worthy of praise. He has not imitated his predecessors, in whose works the manners and habits of the age are only incidentally mentioned; but has been minute on the subject. Some

passages of this author deserve to be transcribed, as completely satisfactory to the curious. Every one must be surprised to find, that scarce two centuries have elapsed, since Englishmen lived, if possible, in a more rude state, than the tribes of America. In the last tenth chapter of his "description of Britain," he says, "there are old men still "dwelling in the village where I remain, which have noted "three things to be marvellously altered in England since "their sound remembrance. One is, the multitude of "chimnies lately erected; whereas, in their young days, "there were not above two or three, if so many, in most "uplandish towns of the realm (the religion-houses and ma-"nor-places of their lords always excepted, and peradven-"ture some grand personage); but each made his fire "against a veredosse in the hall, where he dined and dressed "his meat. The second is, the great amendment in lodg-"ing; for, said they, our fathers, and we ourselves, have "lain full oft upon straw pallets, covered only with a sheet, "under coverlets made of dagswaine or hopharlots, (I use "their own terms) and a good round log under their head "instead of a bolster. The third thing they tell us of is, "the exchange of treene platers *(probably so called from the "tree or word)* into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver "or tin." In the eleventh chapter he proceeds—"In times "past, men were content to dwell in houses builded of sal-"low, willow, &c. so that the use of oak was in a manner "dedicated wholly to churches, religious houses, princes' "palaces, navigation, &c. but now sallow, &c. are rejected, "and nothing but oak any where regarded: and yet see the "change: for when our houses were builded of willow, then "had we oaken men: but now that our houses are come "to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, "but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore al-"teration. In these the courage of the owner was a suffi-

" cient defence to keep the house in safety, but now the " assurance of the timber must defend the men from rob- " bing."

Hollingshed seems fully to have understood what his countrymen had lost, and what they had gained by a change from a rude, to a cultivated state; and like a true patriot and philanthropist, he sincerely regrets, that a polish and refinement, which so eminently conduce to the happiness of a nation, should so inevitably introduce an effeminacy, which must finally be its ruin.

GERMAN SCHOLARS.

In reading the lives of illustrious scholars, nothing oftener astonishes us, than the fortitude and perseverance of many of them in overcoming obstacles which opposed their improvement. Perhaps the whole history of literature does not furnish an instance of greater ardour, or of more formidable difficulties surmounted in the pursuit of learning, than the following, which is related by Dr. Jortin.

" In the first protestant schools and universities of Ger- " many," says that amiable and excellent scholar, " most " of the students were very poor: They supported them- " selves by begging and singing psalms from door to door: " They studied by moonlight for want of candles, they " were almost starved for want of fire, often went to bed " with an empty stomach: Yet the earnest desire of edu- " cation conquered all these difficulties, and they became " private tutors, schoolmasters, preachers, and professors. " *Our* young folks now have not the tenth part of these " hardships to endure, nor a tenth part of their industry and " learning."